Ben. This wind you talke of blowes us from our selves,
Supper is done, and we shall come too late.
Rom. I feare too early, for my mind misse-gives,
Some consequence yet hanging in the starres,
Shall bitterly begin his fearefull date
With this nights revells, and expire the terme
Of a despised life clos'd in my breast,
By some vile forfeit of untimely death.
But he that hath the steerage of my course,
Direct my suite: on lusty Gentlemen.
Ben. Strike Drum.

They march about the Stage, and Servingmen come forth with Napkins.

Enter Romeo.

Ser. Where's Potpan, that he helpes not to take away? He shift a Trencher? he scrape a Trencher?
1. When good manners shall lye all in one or two mens hands, and they unwasht too, 'tis a foule thing.
Ser. Away with the join-stooles, remove the Court-cupboard, looke to the plate, good thou save me a piece of March-pane, and as thou loves mee let the Porter let in *Susan Grind-stone*, and *Nell*, *Anthonie* and *Potpan*.
2. I Boy ready.
Ser. You are lookt for and cald for, askt for and sought for in the great chamber.
3. We cannot be here and there too, chearly boyes,
Be briske a while, and the longer liver take all.

Exeunt.

Enter all the guests and Gentlewomen to the Maskers.

1. *Cap.* Welcome Gentlemen. Ladies that have their toes
Unplagued with Cornes will walke about with you:
Ah my Mistresses, which of you all
Will now deny to dance? she that makes daintie,
She 'Ile swear hath Cornes: am I come neare you now?
Welcome Gentlemen, I have seen the day
That I have worne a Visor, and could tell

A whispering tale in a faire Ladies eare,
Such as would please: 'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone.
You are welcome Gentlemen: come Musitians play.

Musicke playes and they dance.

A hall, a hall, give roome, and foot it girles,
More light you Knaves, and turne the tables up,
And quench the fire, the roome is growne too hot.
Ah sirrah, this unlookt for sport comes well.
Nay sit, nay sit, good cousin *Capulet*,
For you and I are past our dancing dayes:
How long is't now since last your selfe and I
Were in a Maske?
2. *Cap.* Berlady thirty yeeres.
1. *Cap.* What man? 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much.
'Tis since the Nuptiall of *Lucientio*:
Come Pentecost as quickly as it will,
Some five and twenty yeeres, and then we maske.
2. *Cap.* 'Tis more, 'tis more, his sonne is elder sir,
His sonne is thirty.
1. *Cap.* Will you tell me that?
His sonne was but a Ward two yeeres agoe.
Rom. What Lady is that which doth inrich the hand
Of yonder Knight.
Ser. I know not sir.
Rom. O she doth teach the torches to burne bright:
It seemes she hangs upon the cheeke of night,
As a rich jewell in an Æthiops eare,
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too deare:
So shewes a snowie Dove trooping with Crowes,
As yonder Lady o're her fellowes showes:
The measure done, 'Ile watch her place of stand,
And touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.
Did my heart love till now, forsweare it sight,
For I ne're saw true beauty till this night.
Tib. This by his voice should be a *Mountague*.
Fetch me my Rapier boy, what? dares the slave,
Come hither cover'd with an antique face,